BY PERMISSION TO THE SATURDAY "NEWS" BY P. F. COLLIER @ SON.

writing in Collier's for July 28, presents a graphic picture of Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, the aggressive and youthful under-secretary for the British colonies. Mr. Davis, in part, says:

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RETURNED HOME.

When first I know him he had passed through Harrow and Sandhurst and was a second lieutenant in the Queen's Own Hussars. He was just of age, but appeared much younger.

He was below medium heighl, a slight, delicate-looking boy; although as a matter of fact extremely strong, with blue eyes, many freckles and hair which threatened to be a decided red, but which now has lost its fierceness. When he spoke it was with a lisp, which also has changed, and which no appears to be merely an intentional hesitation.

His manner of speaking was nervous, eager, oratorical. He used many gestures, some of which were strongly re-miniscent of his father, of whom he, unlike most English lads, who shy at mentioning a distinguished parent, constantly spoke.

He even copied his father in his little tricks of manner. Standing with hands shoved under the frock coat and one resting on each hip as though squeezing in the waist line; when seated, resting the elbows on the arms of the chair and nervously locking and unclasping fingers, are tricks common to

He then had and still has a most em-barrassing habit of asking many questions; embarrassing, sometimes, be-cause the questions are so frank, and retimes because they lay bare the wide expanse of one's own ignorance. At that time, although in his twenty-

first year, this lad twice had been made a question in the house of commons. RENDERED HIM CONSPICUOUS.

That in itself had rendered him conspicuous. When you consider out of Great Britain's four hundred million subjects how many live, die, and are buried without at any age having drawn down upon themselves the angeof the house of commons, to twice have done so, before one has passed his twenty-first year, seems to promise a Jurid future.

The first time Churchill disturbed the august assemblage In which later he was to become so prominent a leader was when he "ragged" a brother subal-tern named Bruce and cut up his saddle and accoutrements. The second time was when he ran away to Cuba to fight with the Spanlards.

After this campaign, on the first After this campaign, on the hist night of his arrival in London, he made his maiden speech. He delivered it in a place of less dignity than the house of commons, but one, throughout Great Britain and her colonies, as widely known and as well supported. This was the Empire Music Hall.

OBJECTIONS TO YOUNG WOMEN.

At the time Mrs. Ormiston Chant had taised objections to the presence in the music hall of certain young women and had threatened unless they ceased to frequent its promenade, to have the license of the Music Hall revoked, As a compromise, the management ceased selling liquor, and on the night Churchill visited the place the bar in the promenade was barricaded with scantling and linen sheets. With the thirst of tropical Cuba still upon him, Churchill usked for a drink, which was denied hum, and the crusade, which in his absence had been progressing fiercely, was explained. Any one else would have taken no for his answer, and have sought elsewhere for his drink. Not so Churchill. What he did is interesting, because it was so extreme

R. Richard Harding Davis, | evils that older men prefer to let lie,] and that with the ingenuousness of youth he tells of things which to the veteran have become unimportant, or which through usage he is no longer even able to see

In his three later war books, the wonder of it, the horror of it, the quick ad-miration for brave deeds and daring men, gives place, in "The River War," to the critical point of view of the mili-tary expert, and in his two books on the war to the rapid impressions of the journalist. In these latter books he tells you of battles he has seen, in the first one he made you see them. For his services with the Malakand

field force he received the campaign medal with clasp, and, "in dispatches," Belgadier-General Jeffreys praises "the courage and resolution of Licut. W. L. S. Churchill, Fourth Hussara, with the force as correspondent of the Ploneer."

GAINED A SECOND CLASP.

From the operations around Malakand, he at once joined Sir William Lockhart as orderly officer, and with the Tirah expedition went through that campaign.

For this his Indian medal gained a second clasp. This was in the early part of 1898.

In spite of the time taken up as an officer and as a correspondent, he finished his book on the Malakand expedition, and then, as it was evident Kitch-ener would soon attack Khartum, he jumped across to Egypt and again as a correspondent took part in the advance upon that city.

Thus, in one year, he had seen ser-

On the day of the battle his luck fol-lowed him. Kitchener had attached him to the Twenty-first Lancers, and It will be remembered the event of the battle was the charge made by that squadron. It was no center, no easy "pig-sticking;" it was a fight to get if and a fight to get out, with frenzier ollowers of the Khalifa hanging to th

ridle reins, backing at the horses' hamstrings, and slashing and firing pointblank at the proopers. Churchill was in that charge. He received the medal with clasp,

Then he returned home and wrote "The River War." This book is the last work on the campaigns up the Nile. From the death of Gordon in Khartum to the capture of the city by Kitchener, it tells the story of the many gallant fights, the wearying failures, the many expeditions into the hol, boundless desert, the long, slow progress toward the final winning of the

The book made a distinct sensation. It was a work that one would expect Heutenant-general, when, after years of service in Egypt, he laid down his sword to pen the story of his life's work. From a second lieutenant, who had been on the Nills hardly long nough to gain the desert tan, it was a revelation. As a contribution to mili-tary history it was so valuable that for the author it made many admirers, but on account of his criticisms of his superior officers it gained him even more emies.

This is a specimen of the kind of thing that caused the retired army offi-

cer to sit up and choke with apoplexy: "Gen. Kitchener, who never spares himself, cares little for others. He treated all men like machines, from the private soldiers, whose salutes he disdained, to the superior officers, whom he rigidly controlled. The comrade who had served with him and under him for many years, in peace and peril, was flung aside as soon as he ceased to be of use. The wounded Egyptian and even the wounded British soldier did note excite his interest."

"GOING TO THE DOGS."

When in the service clubs they read



TWO VIEWS OF WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL.

The One on the Left Showing Him in the Uniform of a Lieutenant of South African Light Horse, and the One on The Right as Under Secretary of the Colonies.

rolled a rock on the track at a point ! where it was hidden by a curve. On the return trip, as the English approached this curve the Boers opened re with artillery and pompoms. The ugineer. In his eagerness to escape, ounded the curve at full speed, and, as the Boers had expected, hit the rock. The three forward cars were derailed, and one of them was thrown across the track, thus preventing the escape of the engine and the two rear

clear the track. To assist him he had a company of Natal volunteers, and those who had not run away of the

train hands and break-down crew, "We were not long left in the com-parative safety of a railroad accident," Churchill writes to his paper," Boers' guns, swiftly changing their position, reopened five from a distance of 1,200 yards before any one had got out of the stage of exclamations. The tapping rifle-firs spread along the hills, until it encircled the wreckage on three sides, and from some high ground on the opposite side of the line a third deld-gun came into ac-

For Boer marksmen with Mausers and pompons, a wrecked railroad train at 1,300 yards was as casy a buil's-eye as the hands of the first baseman to the pitcher, and while the engine butted and shorted and the men with their bare hands tore at the massive beams of the freight car, the buildts and shells beat about them, "I have had in the last four years

many strange and varied experiences." continues young Churchill, "but noth-

Before his chance to escape came a month elapsed, and the opportunity that then offered was less an opportunity to escape than to get himself The State Model schools were sur-

sounded by the children's playgrounds, penned in by a high wall, and at night, while it was used as a prison, brilliantly lighted by electric lights. Af ter many nights of observation.Church Afill discovered that while the sentrics were pacing their beats there was a of Dublins, kept up a sleady fire on tion of the wall was in darkness. This clear the track electric lights. On the other side of this wall there was a private house set in a garden filled with bushes. Beyoud this was the open street.

To scale the wall was not difficult; the real danger lay in the fact that at o time were the sentries further away than fifteen yards, and the chance of being shot by one or both of them was excellent. To a brother officer Churchill confided his purpose, and together they agreed that some night when the sen tries had turned from the dark spot or the wall they would scale it and drop among the bushes in the garden. After they reached the garden, should they reach it alive, what they were to do they did not know. How they were to proceed through the streets and out of the city, how they were to pass un-challenged under its many electric lights and before the illuminated shop windows, how to dodge patrols, and how to find their way through 280 miles of a South African wilderness, through an utterly unfamiliar, un friendly, and sparsely settled country into Portuguese territory and the coast, continues young Churchill, 'but noth-ing was so thrilling as this; to walt and struggle among these clanging, rending ironboxes, with the repeated explosions of the shells, the noise of

map or compass he knew this must be his only guide, but he knew also that two railroads left Pretoria, the me along which he had been captured, to

letemaritzburg, and the other, the one eading to the coast and freedom. Which this one was he had no idea, but he took his chance, and a hundred yards beyond a station walted for the first outgoing train. About midnight, a freight stopped at the station and after it had left it and before it had again gathered headway, Churchiil swung himself up upon it, and stretched out upon a plie of coal Throughout the night the train continued steadily toward the east, and so told him that it was the one he wanted, and that he was on his way to

the neutral territory of Portugal. Fearing the daylight, just before the sum rose, as the train was pulling up a steep grade, he leaped off into some bushes. All that day he lay hidden, and the next night he walked. He made but little headway. As all sta-tions and bridges were guarded, he had to make long detours and the tropical moonlight prevented him from crossing in the open. In this way, sleeping by day, walking by night, begging food from the Kaffirs, five days passed.

ABSENCE DISCOVERED.

Meanwhile, his absence had been at once discovered, and, by the Boers, every effort was being made to retake him. Telegrams giving his description were sent along both railways, 3,000 photographs of him were distributed, each car of every train was searched and in different parts of the Transvaal men who resembled him were being ar-rested. It was said he had escaped dressed as a woman, in the uniform of a Transvaal policeman whom he had bribed; that he had never left Pretoria, and that in the uisguise was concealed in the house of a British sympathizer. On the strength of this rumor the houses of all suspected persons were searched. In the Volksstem it was pointed out

his recapture by the Boer agents, he was placed safely on board. 'Two days was placed sately on board. There he later he arrived at Durban, where he was received by the mayor, the popu-lace and a brass band playing: "Britons Never, Never, Never Shall Be Slaves!'

For the next month Churchill was bombarded by letters and telegrams from every part of the globe; some invited him to command filibustering expeditions, others sent him wooldn comforters, some forwarded photographs of himself to be signed, others photographs of themselves, possibly to be admired, others sent poems, and some bottles of whisky.

Lest so large an order as making from London, reading:

"Best friends here hope you won't

One day in camp we counted up the price per word of this cablegram, and Churchill was boyishly delighted to find that it must have cost the man who sent it five pounds.

On the day of his arrival in Durban, with the cheers still in the air, Churhill took the first train to "the front.

CONTINUED WITH BULLER.

As a war correspondent and officer he continue i with Buller until the relief of Ladysmith, and with Roberts until the fall of Pretoria. He was in many actions, in all the big engagements, and came out of the war with another medal and clasps for six battles.

On his return to London he spent the summer finishing his second book on the war, and in October at the general election as a "khaki" candidate, as were called those who favored the war, again stood for Oldham. This time, with his war record to help him, he wrested from the Liberals one of Old-hum's two seats. He had been defeated by 1,300 votes; he was elected Ly a majority of 227.

The few months that intervened be-tween his election and the opening of the new parliament were snatched by Churchill for a lecturing tour at home, and in the United States and Canada. His subject was the war and his es-

cane from Pretoria. When he came to this country half of the people here were in sympathy with the Boers, and did not care to listen to what they supposed would be a strictly British version of the war. Also both financially and more especially in spirit e suffered from the mismanagement of he late Maj. Pond. Among other blunders, Pond, without asking permission of those whose names he advertised, organized for Churchill's first appearnce in various cities, different reception committees.

Some of those whose names, without their consent, were used for them mittees, wrote indignantly pers, saying that while for to the . personally, they held every respective objected to being used to advertue a anti-Boer demonstration. While this was no fault of Chareber

cho, until he reached this com him nor for the success of his tonest kind of advance work. During the fighting to resmith, with Gett, Buller's for ill and I had sigain been t later when I joined the m the Zand River battle, chased the stray will correspondent, 40 mil-cue of Close who reco

One admirer wrote: "My congratula-tions on your wonderful and glorious deeds, which will send such a thrill of pride and enthusiasm through Great Britain and the United States of America, that the Anglo-Saxon race will be irresistible."

the Anglo-Saxon race irresistible might turn the head of a subaltern an antiseptic cablegram was also sent him,

"Best friends here hope uself. go making further ass of yourself. "McNEILL"

then at Colenso. Another man might have lingered. After a month's imprisonment and the hardships of the escape, he might have been excused for delaying 24 hours to taste the sweets of popularity and the flesh-pots of the Queen hotel. But if the reader has cllowed this brief blography he will know that to have done so would have een out of the part. This characteristic of his to get on to the next thing explains his success. He has no time waste on post-mortems, he takes none to rest on his laurels.



HORACE MERRILL

Young Utah Medical Student Who, Has Been Making a Good Record.

Horace Merrill is a l'iah boy, bar in Provo 23 years ago, and a radius of the B. Y. university. He held fire, rank in both his freedoman and sphe-more years at the College of Phys. clans and Surgeons at Bullmore, celving 97.8 per cent his first ; and 98.7 his second year. He has He has ju returned from Baltimore and is in-ployed at the L. D. S. hospital for the summer. He will return east to entinue his study in September.

What is a little thing like war between

reception committee

to this country with

But in his lectur

of his escape, and

was at the

photographs I had

is a souvenir, and

brother officers to

characteristic. Now he would not do it; then he was 21.

He scrambled to the velvet-covered top of the railing which divides the auditorium from the promenade and made a speech. It was a plea in behalf of his "sisters the ladies of the Empire promenade.

'Where," he asked of the ladies themselves and of their escorts crowd-ed below him in the promenade, "does the Englishman in London always find a welcome? Where does he first go hen, battle-scarred and travel worn. he reaches home. Who is always there to greet him with a smile, and join him in a drink? Who is ever faithful, ever true-the ladies of the Empire prome-

The laughter and cheers that greeted this, and the tears of the ladies selves, naturally brought the perform-nnce on the stage to a stop, and the vast audience turned in the seats and boxes.

They saw a little red-haired boy, in evening clothes, balancing himself on the rall of the balcony, and around bim a great crowd, cheering, shouting, and bidding him "Go on!"

TO THE GALLERIES.

Churchill turned with delight to the larger audience, and repeated his appeal. The house shook with laughter and applause.

The commissionaires and police tried to reach him, and a good-tempered but very determined mob of well-dressed rentlemen and cheering girls fought them back. In triumph Churchill ended his speech by begging his hearers to give "fair play" to the women, and to follow him in a charge upon the bar-1icades

The charge was instantly made, the barricades were torn down, and the terrified management ordered that drink he served to its victorious pat-

Shortly after striking this blow for the liberty of others, Churchill organ-ized a dinner which illustrated the direction in which at that age his mind was working, and that his ambition was already abnormal. The dinner was given to those of his friends and acquaintances who "were under 21 years of age, and who in 20 years would control the destinies of the British em-

As one over the age limit, or because he did not consider me an empire-con-trolling force, on this great occasion, I was permitted to be present. But expire builders was very riany, that they were very happy, and that save the host himself none of them took his idea neriously, I would not call it an eve-ring of historical interest. But the fact is interesting that of all the boys present, as yet, the host seems to be the only one who to any conspicuous extent is disturbing the destinics of Great Britain. However, the others can reply that 10 of the 20 years have not yet passed.

WHEN HE WAS TWENTY-THREE.

When he was 23 Churchill obtained leave of absence from his regiment, and as there was no other way open to him to see fighting, as a correspondent he joined the Malakand field force in In-110.

It may be truthfully said that by his presence in that frontier war he made it and himself famous. His book on that campaign is his best piece of war reporting. To the civilian reader it has all the delight of one of Kipling's Induan stories, and to writers on military subjects it is a model. But it is chodel very few can follow, and which Churchill himself was unable to follow. for the reason that only once is it given man to be 23 years of age.

The picturesque hand-to-hand fight-ag, the night attacks, the charges up precipitous hills, the retreats made car rying the wounded under constant fire, which he witnessed and in which he bore his part, he never again can see with the same fresh and enthusiastle eyes. Then it was absolutely new, and the charm of the book and the value of the book new thus w in the inteler-

hat the veterany asked each their favorite question of what is the coming to, and to their own satisfaction answered it by pointing out that when a lieutenant of 24 can reprimand the commanding general the army is going to the dogs.

To the newspapers, hundreds of them, over their own signatures, on the service club stationery, wrote violent, furius letters, and the newspapers themselves, beside the ordinary reviews. to the book editorial praise and editorial condemnation.

Equally disgusted were the younger officers of the service. They nicknamed his book "A Subaltern's Advice to rals," and called Churchill himself "Medal Snatcher." A medal snatcher an officer who, whenever there is a amor of war, leaves his men to the are of any one, and through influence high places and for the sake of the ampaign medal has himself attached the expeditionary force. But Churhill never was a medal hunter. The outine of barrack life irked him, and n foreign parts he served his country far better than by remaining at home and inspecting awkward squads and at-tending guard mount. Indeed, the war office could cover with medals the man who wrote "The Story of the Malakand Field Force" and "The River War" and still be in his debt.

In October, 1898, a month after the battle of Omdurman, Churchill made his debut as a political speaker at minor meetings in Dover and Rotherhithe. History does not record that these first speeches set fire to the Channel. During the winter he finished and published his "River War," and in the August of the following summer. 1899, at a by-election, offered himself as tember of parliament for Oldham

In the Daily Telegraph his letters from he three campaigns in India and Egypt had made his name known, and there was a general desire to hear him and to kee him. In one who had attacked Kitchener of Khartum, the men of Oldham expected to find a stalwart veteran, bearded, and with a voice of comand. When they were introduced to small red-hnired boy with a lisp, they fused to take him seriously. In Engid youth is an unpardonable thing Curzon, Churchill, Edward Hugh Ceell, and others have it less reprehensible. But, in ately pite of a vigorous campaign, in which ady Randolph took an active part, for mber Oldham decided it was not eady to accept young Churchill. Later te was Oldham's only claim to fame.

WENT TO SOUTH AFRICA.

A week after he was defeated he sailed for South Africa, where war with the Boers was imminent. He had resigned from his regiment and went south as war correspondent for the Morning Post.

Later in the war he held a commission as Heutenant in the South African light horse, a regiment of irreguli cavalry, and on the staff of different generals acted as galloper and alde-de-camp. To this combination of duties, which was in direct violation f a rule of the war office, his brother officers and his fellow correspondents objected, but, as in each of his other campaigns he had played this dual role, the press censors considered it a traditional privilege and winked As a matter of record, Churchill's soldlering never seemed to interfere with his writing, nor in a fight, his paper ever prevent him from mix-

War was declared Oct. 9, and only a month later, while scouting in the armored train ilong the railroad line between Pietermarizburg and Colense the cars were derailed and Churchill was taken prisoner.

The train was made up of three flat cars, two armored cars, and between them the engine, with three cars coupled to the cow-cutcher and two to the tender

A ROCK ON THE TRACK.

On the outward trip the Boers did he gave money to purchase him an-not show themselves, but as soon as other innocently brought him a Boer ance of youth he attacks in the service | the English passed Frere station they | sombrero,

projectiles striking the cars, hiss as they passed in the air, the grunting and puffing of the engineoor, tortured thing, hammered by at least a dozen shalls, any one of which by penetrating the boiler, might have ide an end of all-the expectation of destruction as a matter of course. the realization of powerlessness-all this for 70 minutes by the clock, with only four inches of iwisted iron between danger, captivity, and shame on one side-and freedom on the other."

A DEATH TRAP TRAIN.

The "protected" train had proved death-trap and by the time the line vas clear every fourth man was killed or wounded. Only the engine, with the more severely wounded heaped in the cab and clinging to its cow-catchand foot-rails, made good its es-Among thosy left behind, ommy, without authority, raised a tandkerchief on his rifle, and the Poers instantly ceased firing .nnd ame galloping forward to accept surwinder. There was a general stam-Seeing that Lleut. to escape. ranklin was gallantly trying to hold is men. Churchill, who was safe on he engine, jumped from it and ran to is assistance. Of what followed, this among the shrubs. I was free. his own account:

had the locomotive left Scarcely ne than I found myself alone in a shallow cutting, and none of our sol-diers, who had all surrendered, to be Then suddenly there appeared on the line at the end of the cutting two men not in uniform 'Plate-layers, I said to myself, and then, with a surge of realization, 'Boers,' My mind retains a momentary impression of him these tail figures, full of animated movement, clad in dark flapping clothes, with slouch, storm-driven the

hats, posing their rifles hardly 100 ards away. I turned and ran between the rails of the track, and the aly thought I achieved was this: Boer marksmanship

"Two bullets passed, both within a foot, one on either side. I flung myfoot, one on either side. I flung my-self against the banks of the cutting But they gave no cover. Another glance at the figures; one was now kneeling to aim. Again I darted for-Again two soft kisses sucked mrd. in the air, but nothing struck me. I must get out of the cutting-that damoable corridor. I scrambled up the bank. The earth sprang up be-side me, and a bullet touched my hand, but outside the cutting was a tiny depression. "I crouched on this, truggling to get my wind. On the ther side of the railway a horse nan galloped up, shouting to me and vaving his hand. He was scarcely 40 With a rifle I could have killed him easily. I knew nothing of the white flag, and the bullets had

made me savage. I reached down for my Mausur pistal. I had left it in the of the engine. Between me te horseman there was a wire fence. hould I continue to My? The idea o another shot at such a short range clded mc. Death stood before erim and sullen; death without his light-hearted companion, Chance. So I held up my hand, and, like Mr. Jor rocks' foxes, cried 'Capivy.' Then I Then I as herded with the other prisoners a miserable group, and about the me time 1 noticed that my hand a blooding, and it began to pour th valu Two days before I had written to an

officer at bome. There has been a great deal too bluch surrendering in this war, and I hope people who do will not be encouraged." IN A PRETORIA PRISON. With other officers, Churchill was uprisoned in the State Model schools ituated in the heart of Pretoria, That

on the very day of his arrival he began to plan to escape from it was characteristic Toward this end his first step was to

lose his campaign hat, which he recog-nized was too obviously the hat of an English officer. The burgher to whom

MADE VENTURE ALONE.

They agreed to make the attempt on the 11th of December, but on that night the sentries did not move from the only part of the wall that was in shado On the night following, at the las moment, something delayed Churchill's companion, and he essayed the advent-ure alone. He writes: "Tuesday, the

12th! Anything was better than further suspense. Again night came. Again the dinner bell sounded. Choosing my opportunity, I strolled across the quadrangle and secreted myself in one of the offices. Through a chink I watched the sentries. For half an hour they remained stolld and obstructive Then suddenly one turned and walked up to his comrade and they began to talk. Their backs were turned. darted out of my hiding-place and ran to the wall, seized the top with my hands and drew myself up. Twice let myself down again in sickly hesita and then with a third resolve 1100. scramled up. The top was flat. on it. I had one parting glimpse of th sentries, still talking, still with backs turned, but, I repeat, still fifteen yards away. Then I lowered myself into the adjoining garden and crouched

Th

first step had been taken, and it was trrevocable. Churchill discovered that the into the garden of which he had so unceremoniously introduced himself was brillantly lighted, and that owner was giving a party. At one time two of the guests walked into the garden and stood, smoking and chatting, In the path within a Tew yards of

Thinking his companion might yet join him, for an hour he crouched in the bushes, until from the other side of he heard the voice of his friend and of another officer.

HOW HE DID IT.

"It's all up!" his friend whispered. Churchill roughed tentatively. The two volces drew nearer. To confuse the sentries, should they be listening, the one officer talked nonsense, laughed loudly, and quoted Latin phrases, while the other, in a low and distinct volce, said: "I can not get out." The sentry suspects. It's all up. Can you get back again?"

To go back was impossible. Churchill now felt that in any case he was sure to be recuptured and decided he would. as he expresses it, at least have a run for his money.

"I shall go on alone," he whispered. He heard the footsteps of his two riends move away from him across the av-yard. At the same moment he stepped boldly out into the garden, and passing the open windows of the house walked down the gravel path to the street. Not five yards from the gate stood a sentry. Most of those guarding the schoolhouse knew him by sight, but Churchill did not turn his head, and whether the sentry recognized him or not, he could not tell.

A CRUCIAL MOMENT.

For a hundred feet he walked as though on ice, inwardly shrinking as he waited for the sharp challenge, and the the Mauser thrown to the rattle of His nerves were leaping, his "Ready." heart in his throat, his spine STR ter. And then, as he continued to advance, and still no tumult pursued, he quickened his pace and turned into one of the main streets of Pretoria. The sidewalks were crowded with burghers, but no one noticed him. This was due probably to the fact that the Boers wore no distinctive uniform, and that with them in the commandoes were many English Colonials who wore khaki riding breeches, and many Americans, French, Germans, and Russians, in every fashion of semi-uni-

If observed, Churchill was mistaken for one of these, and the very openness

as a significant fact that a week before his escape Churchill had drawn from the library Mill's "Essay on Liberty." In England and over all British South Africa the escape created as much in-terest as it did in Pretoria. Because the attempt showed pluck, and, because he had outwitted the enemy, Churchill for the time being became a sort of popular hero, and to his countrymen his escape gave as much pleasure as it was a cause of chagrin to the Boers.

But as days passed and nothing was heard of him. It was feared he had lost himself in the Machadodorp mountains, or had succumbed to starvation, or, in the jungle toward the coast, to fever, and congratulations gave way to anx-

The anxiety was justified, for at this me Churchill was in a very bad way. During the month in prison he had ob. tained but very little exercise. The lack food and of water, the cold by hight and the terrific heat by day, the long, stumbilng marches in the darkness, the mental effect upon an extremely nervous high-strung organiza-tion of being hunted, and of having to hide from his fellow men, had worn

him down to a condition almost of sollapse. Even though it were neutral soil, in

so exhausted a state he dared not venture into the swamps and waste places of the Portuguese territory; and, sick at heart as well as sick in body, he no choice left him save to give himself up.

A DISBELIEVED TALE.

But before doing so he carefully pre. pared a tale which, although most improbable, he hoped might still conceal his identity and ald him to escape by train across the border.

One night after days of wandering he found himself on th outskirts of a little village near the boundary line of the Transvall and Portuguese territory. literly unable to proceed further, he crawled to the nearest zinc-roofed shack, and, fully prepared to surrender. knocked at the door. It was opened by rough-looking bearded giant, the first white man to whom in many days Churchill had dared address himself.

To him, without hope, he feebly stammered forth the speech he had chearsed. The man listened with every outward mark of disbelief. A burchill himself he stared with open suspicion. Buddenly he seized the boy the shoulder, drew him inside the out and barred the door.

"You needn't lie to me," he said You are Winston Churchill, and 1said am the only Englishman in this vil-

The rest of the adventure was comdiratively easy. The next night his riend in need, an engineer named Howed, smuggled Churchill into a freight-ar, and hid him under sacks of some

At Komatle-Poort, the station exacton the border, for 18 hours the car which Churchill iny concealed was eft in the sun on a siding, and before t again started it was searched, but the who was conducting the search lifted only the top layer of sacks, and wo minutes later Churchill heard the hellow coar of the car as it passed over the bridge, and knew that he was across the border.

IN CAR'S BOTTOM.

for, two days more, until he reached Lorenzo Marques, lay bidden at the bottom of the car.

after first mistaking him for a stoker

Investment Worthy INVESTIGATION.

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Saturdays from now until Sept. 1st inclusive, owing to the fact that "allroads will not receive freight after that hour.

Sundays and holidays during the harvest season a force of men are at work from 10 a. m. until 2 p. m. filling orders for machine extras. Tele-phone us Independent 120 and 163; Bell 163, during the hours named. Watchman on the premises nightly!



oft merchandise

Even, then he took no chances, and From the train-yard he at once

ought out the English consul, who of his movements saved him from sus-picion. Straight through the town he walked until he reached the suburbs, the open veldt, and a railroad track. As he had